[Bororo da Campanha]

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space, a courtyard where the group meets whenever there is anything to discuss or celebrate.

Its inhabitants were miserably poor, not having even manioc farina to offer us, so that we had to await the arrival of our ox cart, which had been left behind, to bring mate, a steer, coffee, and other foods. Our arrival was attended with a slight attempt at some ceremony, but after shaking hands with almost all of the villagers, the reception was over. Listlessness and evident ignorance of how to receive us were the main characteristics, although it was insisted that we sit down, a custom which I found to be prevalent in every group that I visited subsequently.

While waiting for the cart we took the opportunity of looking about. The huts were made of a skeleton of poles covered with burity palm leaves, which in the front of the house were placed vertically, with the leaflets interlaced. They were of a rectangular ground plan, with a true wall, about fifteen feet high. No hammocks were seen, the people sleeping either on the ground or on raised platforms, wooden frames having straps of leather to take the place of a mattress. The huts contained no further furniture. Each family had its own hut.

It was learned that only one woman of the village knew how to make pottery, but that none had been made for many years. In fact, no industry whatsoever has survived, not even the making of feather ornaments.

The bow and arrow has given place to the gun, of which there were several in the village. Acculturation has indeed gone far, the language being almost forgotten even by the older people.

After the arrival of the cart and the distribution of the food was over, they gathered by a fire in front of the headman's hut in two circles, one for the men and one for the women. We were invited to sit with the men. When all was ready, the headman began to sing to the accompaniment of two gourd rattles, which he shook, one with an up-and-down motion and the other both horizontally and vertically with a different rhythm. In turn, his song was taken up by each man. Sometimes the women and the other men would join in a soft chorus. At times, led by the oldest woman in the tribe, the women would suddenly stand up and begin hopping, holding the legs together stiffly, the arms sideward but horizontally, and, with the hopping, leaning first to one side and then the other. This was enjoyed by them, especially by the older women. Several times chicha was passed around. Undoubtedly the song and dance

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